

St Dunstons
REVIEW
APRIL

St. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW

NO. 651

APRIL 1974

5p MONTHLY

APRIL'S HERE!

"O, to be in England
Now that April's there"

Robert Browning, 1812-1889.

Our diaries tell us that Spring begins on March the 21st, but those of us who love England know well that the prevailing storms or sunshine can do much to change the face of the countryside we may in earlier days have known so well. And then at this time of year there is always the promise of summer to come. The prospect cannot fail to raise our hopes and expectations even though experience may have taught us that real warm, sunny weather in old England may be scarcely more than a matter of a few weeks or even days.

On the very first page of Chapter 1 of his famous book, "Victory Over Blindness", Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt., Founder of St. Dunstan's, wrote, "We who are blind cannot see the glory of the sunrise, the splendour of the sunlit days nor the pageant of the sunset; we cannot see the tender beauties of the moonlit night nor the brightness of the stars; the hills, the woods and the fields, the sea and the winding courses of the rivers are hidden from us; we cannot see the buildings of our cities, nor our homes, nor the movements of life, nor the faces of our dear ones. There is much that we cannot see."

But Sir Arthur concluded this passage with the words, "There is one thing we will not see, if we can help it, and that is the gloomy side of our lives. This is the gospel of St. Dunstan's."

Some forty years later, Father Thomas J. Carroll, Founder and Director of St. Paul's Rehabilitation Centre for the Blind in Boston, Mass., wrote a book which has become a classic. In "Blindness - what it is, what it does and how to live with it", Father Carroll lists no less than twenty losses due to blindness and his analysis is probably the best that has ever been published. These twenty losses appear under the six headings, "Basic losses to psychological security, Losses in basic skills, Losses in communication, Losses in appreciation, Losses concerning occupation and financial status, and Resulting losses to the whole personality."

As in the case of Sir Arthur Pearson's book, Father Carroll does not leave it at that, because the second part of his book, called "Rehabilitation and Restoration", considers the manner in which all these losses can be either mitigated or overcome.

It has been said that the eyes are set in our heads to look forward and not backward and in the metaphorical, though not the literal sense, this is exactly what blind people must do if they are to achieve contentment and success in life. Indeed this is what St. Dunstaners have done. There can, however, be no harm in looking back from time to time on happy scenes or pursuits of earlier days. Nostalgic thoughts do bring us pleasure if our lives are anchored to security in work or life at home. It would thus be interesting to know what readers miss most from the days when they could see, and the *Review* would welcome letters on the subject.

FRONT & BACK COVERS: *Spring in Cockington Village, South Devon.*
Daffodils at Rydal Water in the Lake District.

Photos: British Tourist Authority.

EYES AT MY FEET

by Jessie Hickford

Although we have had the guide dog movement in Britain for a little over forty years, this book, with preface by Lord Fraser, is the first written by a guide dog owner to be published in our country. Miss Hickford, a former school teacher who lost her sight in her forties, trained with her golden retriever, Prudence, at the Exeter centre of the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association. Living alone on the outskirts of Colchester, Miss Hickford has now had some nine years experience of working with Prudence and her book makes clear the way in which her life has been transformed from a solitary to a gregarious existence. Not only can she come and go in safety and in a relaxed manner where and when she wishes, but Prudence has also helped her to make many new friends. The author explains to the uninitiated just what a guide dog will do for a blind owner and what attention it requires. Published by Michael Joseph, the book costs £2.10. It is also issued in Braille and will shortly be available on the Talking Book.



Miss Hickford working with Prudence. Photo: Essex County Standard.

Vin Extra-Ordinaire

by Phillip Wood

There has been a quite phenomenal increase in wine-drinking in Britain during the past few years and the do-it-yourself boys have lost no time at all in jumping on the band-wagon. Many chemist's shops and supermarkets display all the paraphernalia for home wine-making.

In a spirit of "try anything once" I decided to have a go at making this most civilised and civilising of all beverages. The basic essentials, I discovered, are cheap and simple to use. There are of course many sophisticated gadgets and aids on the market - thermometers, hydrometers, complicated filters, corking devices and a host of other impedimenta intended, I felt, for the wine-maker who has everything.

So, one day I arrived home with the Beginner's Kit. This consisted of a narrow-necked glass gallon jar called a demijohn, a can of grapejuice, yeast, a length of polythene tubing, and (most important, the man said) a fermentation-lock.

Home-made wine, I was informed, can be very cheap indeed. Leaving aside the cost of the equipment - which can be used over and over again - and providing you can scrounge the bottles from a wine-bibbing friend and nick the sugar from the kitchen when your wife is out, you can make drinkable plonk for around 15p a bottle. This sounded most attractive - but I suspected that the operative word was "drinkable". Well, we would have to wait and see.

Easy!

To begin with, it was as easy as they said it was. Chris read the instructions on the can and we put the juice, yeast and the prescribed amount of water into the demijohn and inserted the fermentation-lock in the narrow neck of the jar. A fermentation-lock is a kind of miniature glass trombone which serves to exclude dust, bacteria, dead flies and other foreign bodies not

considered essential to the making of wine. Next we put the jar in a warm place and waited for something to happen . . .

. . . nothing did. For three whole days the jar just sat there sullen and silent, obviously having adopted a course of complete non-co-operation . . .

. . . at this point we discovered we had forgotten to put in the sugar. The omission was soon remedied and in a few hours the brew was burbling away gently to itself like a well-fed infant.

The Passage of Days

The next stage (after the passage of a number of days as laid down in Rules and Regulations) was to pour off the wine very carefully, leaving behind the sediment – or as much of it as was humanly possible. This we did with, I am bound to admit, a fair measure of success.

The residue didn't look all that inviting, I felt. It was a sort of greyish muddy silt with a strong and quite distinctive odour. However, as a boy I had lived within sniffing distance of a brewery but the all-pervading pong never seemed to have had any adverse effect on the popularity of the end product.

This ritual had to be repeated at regular intervals until at length we arrived at Bottling Day. Everything was made ready – the six bottles (sterilised), a length of polythene tubing (sterilised) and the demijohn standing on the kitchen table.

Now I know only one way to start a siphon. It is a little undignified, not particularly hygienic – but eminently successful. I exhaled, put the tube into my mouth and sucked vigorously . . .

Agonising Problem!

I was immediately faced with an agonising problem – what to do with a mouthful (or at least half-a-mouthful) of very young wine. I couldn't call (obviously) for somebody to hold the tube whilst I went to do what the tasters do. The sink was a good five feet away and I had never really gone in for Great Expectations. I steeled myself, blinked twice – and swallowed.

After the appropriate maturing period had elapsed, it was time for the ceremonial tasting. Chris, young and strong, had been chosen to volunteer to have the first taste.

He sipped delicately, rolled the wine round his tongue, swallowed, nodded sagely and delivered his verdict.

"An audacious little wine," he announced pontifically, "With just the subtlest hint of untreated sewage!" This, I felt, didn't tell us very much really.

"Yuch!"

My wife just looked at the bottle and said "Yuch!" but after a while she too was persuaded to "test and try". She took a minute cautious sip, shuddered violently and said it tasted horribly like distilled water (personally I have never, to the best of my knowledge, actually tasted distilled water). Anyway, if all else failed we could always use it to top-up the car battery. I had a quick vision of our Morris lurching gently down the road, hiccupping the while.

Proper Wine ?

"In any case" objected my wife, "it doesn't look a bit like proper wine!" (I found myself resenting the word "proper") "you can't see through it! It looks exactly like grapefruit squash!" I had to admit it was a trifle opaque. "Soon put that right!" I declared airily, "It only needs filtering."

There must be something in The Guinness Book of Records about the longest time it has ever taken for home-made wine to be transferred from one bottle to another via a filter-paper. I reckon on that afternoon I must have come very close to achieving immortality.

At the end of the operation, stiff and well-nigh exhausted, I compared the treated bottle with the other five . . .

It still looked exactly like the other five.

Oenology

And that, of course, ought to have been the end of my excursion into the world of oenology. I should have followed the well-tried, well-loved precept, "If at first you don't succeed – give up!" But there is a streak of stubbornness in my make-up (to say nothing of a touching – if totally unjustified – faith in my prowess as a wine-maker.)

The label on the can said "*Liebfraumilch (TYPE)*". The demijohn is sitting snugly in the warm corner by the radiator burbling away gently to itself like a well-fed infant.

Welcome to St. Dunstan's



On behalf of St. Dunstan's we welcome St. Dunstaners recently admitted to membership. The Review hopes they will settle down happily as members of our family.

Robert Ernest Bowers of Ipswich, Suffolk, came to St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. Mr. Bowers, who is unmarried, served in the King's Royal Rifle Corps in the First World War between 1917 and 1919.

Joseph Hill of Portishead, Bristol, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. He served in the Royal Garrison Artillery in the First World War. He and his wife now live in retirement near to their married son and family.

Arnold Jameson of Belfast, who came to St. Dunstan's in February 1974. He served in both World Wars – in the Royal Irish Rifles in the 1st World War and the Royal Ulster Rifles in the 2nd World War, and he was wounded in 1941.

David Hodgson of Hartlepool, Durham, joined St. Dunstan's in February, 1974. He served in the Royal Signals between 1940 and 1947. He is married and has one daughter who is married.

Norman Kershaw of Blackburn, Lancs., came to St. Dunstan's in February 1974. He served in the Royal Air Force during the 2nd World War and was wounded in 1941 following a raid on the "Scharnhorst". He is married with a grown-up son.

Alfred James Mead of Rothwell, Northants., joined St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. Mr. Mead served in the Northants. Regiment from 1939 to 1946. He is married and has two children.

Cecil Moseley of Blackpool, Lancs., joined St. Dunstan's in February of this year. He served in the Royal Artillery during the 2nd World War and is married with three grown-up sons.

KEMP TOWN NOTES

Last month's notes referred to a month of gloom and depression, little knowing that worse could follow! Take heart, the sun has been shining, birds are rehearsing for spring song and the bulbs are blooming in the gardens. Nature's cycle continues, thank goodness, to add colour to the otherwise sombre scene.

Three Blind Mice

The highlight of the month's entertainment was a most welcome first visit to Pearson House from "Joan and the Three Blind Mice", (Joan and Bob Osborne, Winston Holmes and Ron Smith). They have featured in the *Review* previously but have not performed for many months owing to Joan's difficulty accompanying with a painful finger. This time she was spared some of the playing as our St. Dunstaner, Bill Claydon, joined them with his electric organ and accompanied Joan's solos. What a swinging and talented player he is! It's a long time we've waited to hear him but, of course, he cannot tuck his organ under his arm, it's a mini-removal job! Well known for their excellent harmony, duo and solo singing, and compered by Ron with his wealth of funny stories, it was indeed an enjoyable evening.

Matron Hallett thanked them and stressed how we shall look forward to another visit.

Tom Eales has been more than generous with his stereo evenings and following the "St. Dunstaners' Choice" we had the "V.A.D.'s Request Programme". Naturally we enjoyed hearing our special pieces and the men were surprised and passed some complimentary remarks although not a brass band was heard! A further evening of Tom's choice from what must be a mammoth collection of records, had everyone relaxed and listening intently.

Tom Hunter Simmon of Harrogate, Yorkshire, came to St. Dunstan's in March, 1974. Mr. Simmon served in the Royal Engineers from 1940 to 1941. He is married and has two children.



Grandpa

I could not resist reproducing this little tribute to our St. Dunstaner, **George Reed**, of Farnborough. Written on the wrong side of a largish piece of wall paper it comes from the pen of his seven year old grandson, Steven Noxon. Steven's teacher corrected it for him, George tells me.

Incidentally, George had some nice things to say about the *Review* in his letter: "Thank you for all the news in our *Review*. May I say the *Review* has improved over the years, I have just been reading one dated 1922." – Thank you, George!

My Grandpa.
 My grandpa was in the War.
 He lost his sight and lost an arm.
 This is rather sad but I cheer
 him up.
 I love my grandpa and I wish he could
 see me.
 One day I helped him ^{make} build a
 railway track. It was so good I had
 to cuddle him.
 Steven Noxon
 aged 7

IT STRIKES ME

by Magog

Literary Prizes

The *Review* has often reproduced the works of two of our more literary St. Dunstaners, **Tommy McKay**, Brighton and **Phillip Wood**, Crewe. They both had entries in the competition organised by the Queensland Society of Blind Citizens in Australia, and they both won prizes. Honours, this year, go to Crewe for Phillip lifted first and second prizes in the short story section; second prize in the adult essay section and, as he put it, "a couple of 'commendeds' in two other sections." He sent five entries.

Tommy, the poet, won second prize in the poetry section with "Robot Fantasy" – a poem in his new book, *Mental Pictures* that I mentioned last month. Well done, both.

Deaf-Blind Advocate

A famous doubly handicapped man died in January, **Arthur Sculthorpe**, secretary of the National Deaf-Blind Helpers' League. He was 70. With great energy and resource he spend his life furthering the cause of something like 1,000 people who are deaf as well as blind. His campaigning brought about the famous Rainbow Court flats for handicapped persons in Peterborough, where the National Deaf-Blind Helpers' League has its headquarters.

He became deaf in 1927 and lost his sight as a result of a road accident in 1938.

6



Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary commemorative tray.

Since then he travelled to Russia, America and Italy in his appeals to the public to "talk" to deaf-blind people by writing in capital letters on their hands. He met President Eisenhower and had an audience of the Pope. He was awarded the M.B.E. in the Coronation Honours List, 1952 and in 1965 the blind world honoured him with the National Federation's Grimshaw Award.

Incidentally, he contended that blindness was worse than deafness – "If you have sight you have independence. If you have neither you can live in a vacuum without any communication." Nevertheless Arthur Sculthorpe managed to communicate the needs of the deaf/blind with great success.

Commemorating the Constabulary

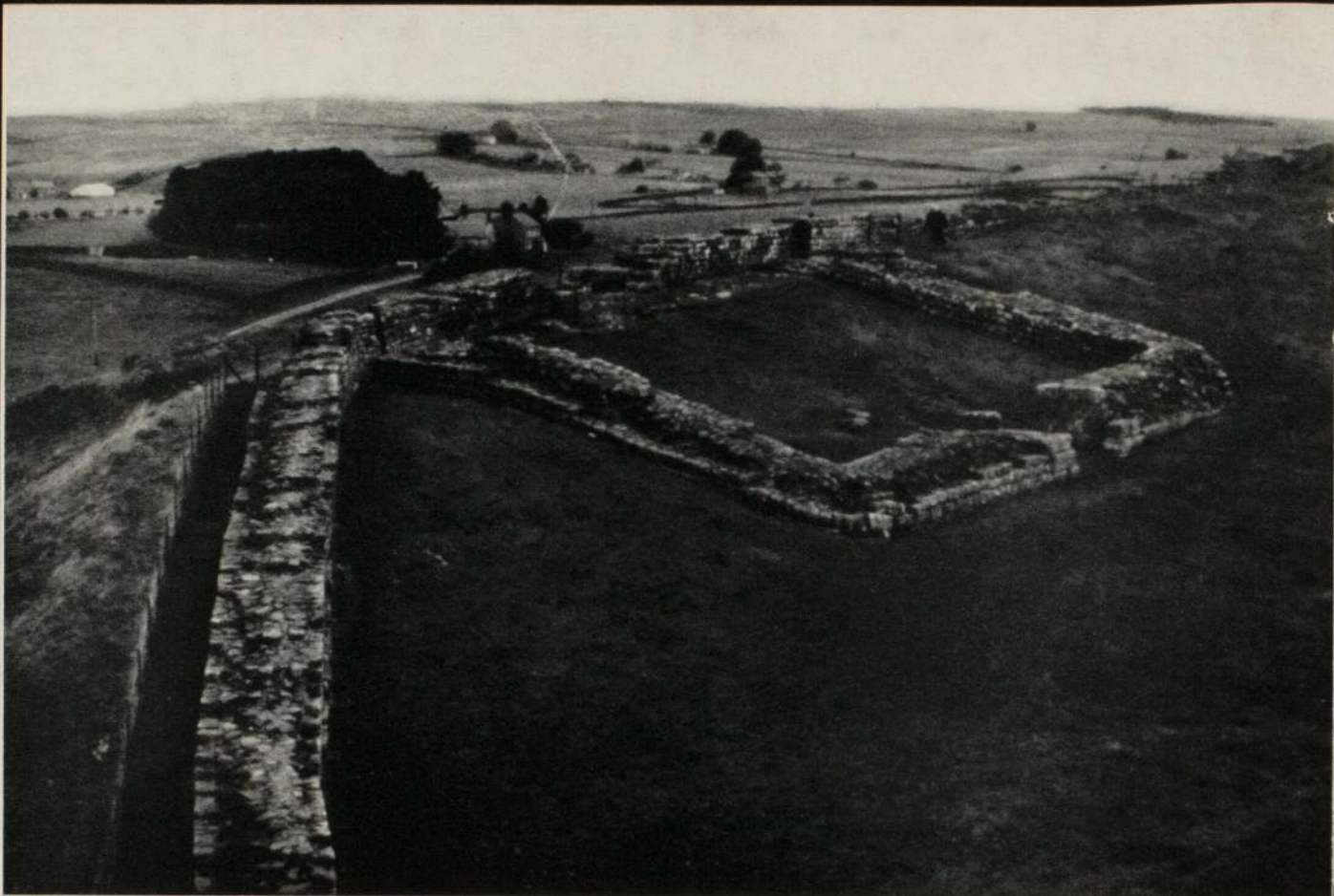
Ted John, who has worked for the police in Liverpool for over 21 years, has been the moving spirit in a scheme to commemorate the merging of Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary into the Merseyside Metropolitan Police Force this month.

Remembering a friend's memento of the Wallasey Borough Police, Ted suggested a Wedgewood sweet dish bearing the badges

of the forces. "The price of such an article, however, proved prohibitive," Ted told me, "so the potentialities of having an item in glass were pursued. These proved successful, and the Chief Constable gave the suggestion his blessing. The venture served a double purpose, there would be a memento of the old Forces and the profit could be donated to the Police Dependents' Trust." With the help of the Police Drawing Office and Photographic Department a tray in blue glass, about 6 in. square with raised edges bearing the badges in silver of the former Liverpool City Police, the Bootle County Borough Police and the Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary was designed.

Ted served with the first named force from 1953-1957 and with the Liverpool and Bootle Constabulary until now. "I celebrated 21 years with the police last February, years which have given me great pleasure." Now, in organising the commemoration trays, Ted is celebrating his service in practical fashion. "Over 1,500 trays have been sold to date, but I cannot yet divulge the total profit until I hand the cheque to the Chief Constable," Ted concluded. Still, at 50p apiece it doesn't sound as if he has done too badly!

7



A view of Hadrian's Wall.

Walking the Wall— or the Energy Crisis

by David Bell

They say there is no fool like a middle aged, visually handicapped twit who, whilst in his cups, allows his friends to talk him into going "walk about" as this would be an opportunity to "get away from it all". Three ex-Round Table friends decided to take me on a gentle walking exercise through beautiful Border Country to enjoy the fresh air, intellectual conversation and stimulating discussions. Pandora's Box was to be Hadrian's Wall.

One Saturday evening in October we left Edinburgh by car for Heddon-on-the-Wall, near Newcastle. Enveloped in thick fog practically all the way, we wondered if this was an omen, telling us that Zeus or Hadrian were displeased that great clod-hopping Scots were to tread the defences.

Most readers will know that the Emperor Hadrian ordered the construction of the Wall in A.D. 122 for the purposes of keeping the Scots, Picts and barbarians out or was it to keep the wild Northumbrians in! It stretches across the country for 80 Roman miles following the Tyne then over the hills to Solway. I will not trouble you with tiresome details of the Wall except to mention that on the north side was a Vallum (a flat bottomed ditch with earth ramparts either side) and parts of these defences can still be seen to-day.

In the 18th Century General Wade was so frustrated by the inability of the road to carry his heavy artillery that after the abortive '45, not to be thwarted again, he built the Military Way, using the stones of



David Bell, with two of his companions, negotiating a steep path.

the Wall and in parts, building on the top of the Wall, and this is the road from Newcastle to Carlisle used to-day.

After wining and dining and a rest at a well known hostelry at Heddon, we started off on Sunday morning refreshed and eager on the first leg of our expedition. Little did we realise that on this section, thanks to General Wade and progress, we were to be dicing with death. Even on a Sunday the traffic was like that of the M.1. Most drivers were courteous to walkers but others took a delight in driving at us, hoping to tip us into the ditch or make us jump for it. Heavy lorries were unwittingly effective in upsetting our balance — be warned, at speed they create a slip stream which makes it difficult to maintain a dignified position. From time to time we took a brief respite by leaving the road to inspect interesting Roman remains. Foot-sore and weary at last we reached Chollerford and our hotel.

A quick shower, a pint and we were ready to take a jaunt down to the river to review the abutments of the old Chesters Bridge. My friends drew my attention to the notice — Visitors Welcome — then underneath was a long list of "Don'ts" which gave us the feeling of trespassing. Either that or the prospect of dinner got us back to the hotel in record time.

Next morning our first stop was for provisions (pies, fruit and chocolate which we squeezed into our rucksacks with the flasks of soup and coffee from the hotel) as we realised that on the 2nd leg of our journey we would be out of touch with civilization most of the way until we reached the village of Once Brewed.

Arriving at Chesters cavalry fort and museum we stopped to look over this fine example of the traditional Roman system with its H.Q. buildings, underground strong room, Commandant's house including a suite of baths and heated rooms,

barracks, stables, granary and hospital. Naturally there was a garrison bath-house, this was nearer the river and contained a series of rooms for changing, baths of varying heats, cold douches etc.

Shortly after leaving the museum we began the steady climb to Shield-on-the-Wall with impressive views of the North Tyne valley, the Cheviot Hills and the miles of lonely moors that lay ahead for us! At Shields we abandoned Wade's Way to follow the Wall and made for the fields and crags. No sooner had we crossed our first stile when we received a sign of the gods' displeasure, a slight increase in what had been a gentle breeze and a few spots of rain. Before the day was out our energy and endurance were to be tested to the limit. Still climbing we reached Sewing Shields Farm where once stood a castle associated with the legends of King Arthur. He too must have been displeased with his Ex-Knights of the Round Table and their idiotic exploits because the heavens opened up and from then on the fairly pleasant walk became a nightmare. We were now faced with mile upon mile of heaving landscape as the Wall followed the steep

undulating course of the Whin Sill to Housesteads Fort with the bonus of strengthening winds and driving rain.

At the Fort we crouched behind a wall to eat a soggy lunch. A temporary break in the rain allowed us a glimpse of the settlement. The frontier gate had double doors enabling the guards to lock the travellers in while inspections were made. Ramparts and gateways are all well preserved and this is reckoned to be the best fort on the Wall but many a legionary of the 1st Cohort of Tungria, far from home like us, must have also cursed the day he set foot in this forsaken place. In the civil section was a murder house – and who could blame them!

Bed was still a long way off so we forced our wet and weary bodies on and up the crags and precipitous cliffs. As the elements burst forth in fury, we scrambled over stiles and slithered down valleys, my friends pushing, pulling and hauling this helpless cripple over bogs and streams and up to the 1,300 ft. point with a sheer drop to our right – no ditches needed here. An example of the humour of the desperate came from the friend behind, whose glasses

were steamed up, "If anyone goes over the edge, shout out your name as I will not be able to recognise you", by this time I would have been glad to go.

Somehow we managed with grim determination to keep going down off the escarpment to Chesterholme where we left the Wall for the village of Once Brewed. At one point we looked back and were horrified to see the rugged limestone ridge we had just negotiated.

Don't Frighten the Bull

Now there were only fields and more stiles to cross until we reached the road, but danger still lay ahead in the form of a bull! In the last field he came towards us slowly, I think more out of curiosity than anger, though he had every right to be annoyed with these human wrecks on his patch. Our leader told us to walk slowly, not to frighten the bull and not to run. I thought he must be joking, as in my state I would rather have been heaved over the hedge as I didn't think I could make it by myself on my poor feet! However the animal took pity on us and we were able to hobble on to the road in safety.

We could see the roof of our Inn about 2 miles ahead, with the relief of a good surface beneath our feet, our batteries were recharged and we made good speed straight into the bar. The call was, "Four pints please", the reply from Madame was, "get your clothes off"; we chorused, "No, a pint first". When this was downed we learnt that the general rule for all walkers was – boots off to be cleaned and dried, wet clothes put in the oven to be ready next morning. This prevents the inconsiderate from carrying mud, cowpats and half of Hadrian's Wall through the place.

Scrumptious Meal

The Twice Brewed Inn set down a scrumptious meal which we were almost too tired to eat, but we did as there was still tomorrow to be faced. In the lounge we had a few minutes in front of the "Moron's Lantern" then decided before the weather forecast made us suicidal, we should go off to bed.

The next morning, Tuesday, would be our last day, we summoned up the last reserves of our energy to carry our tired feet and bodies on to further efforts of endurance. A little light-heartedly we

tenderly stepped out towards the Wall. We passed a road sign pointing back to Shield-on-the-Wall, 5 miles (ironically, 10 minutes by car) no comment!

Back on the turf we reached the Winshield milecastle, thereafter, the Wall occasionally became inaccessible or disappeared where the natives had nicked the stones for building over the centuries.

While resting by a quarry we met a gentleman who had driven along the road parallel to the Wall, he asked us to sample his "thirst aid box" explaining that he always carried it for emergencies. We all agreed that this was one, if these weary walkers were to survive the rest of the trip. Thus fortified, more light-headed than light-hearted we trudged downhill arriving at Greenhead exhausted but in time for lunch.

Journey's End

Walking on the road once more we eventually saw a signpost saying Walton 3 miles. With a sigh of relief we quickened our pace as the end of our journey was about to be realised, a car would be waiting for us there. We found it and overjoyed we clambered in, now we could rest our feet for a few hours or even a few days.

When I reached home I warned my wife to take care removing my boots and socks as I felt both my feet and boots must be in shreds – but there wasn't a blister or a mark on my feet and the boots were as good as new.

Strengthening Friendships

In spite of all my suffering and complaining there were no ill effects. Was it worth it? Yes – for the experience and for strengthening friendships for which I am very grateful.

Pandora's box, for us, was certainly full of mixed blessings, at times more than we bargained for, but determination to succeed kept us going. For all it was, I think, a mental and physical catharsis – all passions spent.

Editor's note

Readers outside St. Dunstan's will be interested to learn that David Bell is doubly handicapped, having lost both hands as well as the sight of both eyes on active service in the 2nd World War.

Over a stile, with a couple of helping hands.



CLUB NEWS

LONDON

At the 27th Annual General Meeting of the St. Dunstan's Men's London Club held in the Club Rooms on Saturday the 23rd of February, 1974, the Chairman, Bill Miller, welcomed members to the meeting and explained that owing to the change from the original date, Mr. Wills was unable to attend and he apologised for his absence.

In the Chairman's Report, Bill proceeded to outline the activities held during the past year.

He said that the main activities of the Club in 1973 were almost the same as in the previous year with all indoor sections being well attended. A few members, however, had moved away from London, generally southward, although one particular member, having reversed this, returned to his native Scotland.

At the last year's meeting it had been proposed that one wife of a member should be co-opted on to the Committee to ensure representation for all the wives who attended various activities. Mrs. Gladys Hancock had been selected and had done an excellent job.

Bill remarked that a Music Section had been formed during the year, meeting at the Club on a Monday evening with Bob Pringle as the obvious choice of 'the man in charge' and Jerry Lynch 'beating the drum'. The Section realises that there is a lot of hidden talent in St. Dunstan's and would love to unearth it, so would any St. Dunstaner who owns an instrument please contact them.

Unfortunately the summer swimming section appeared to be sinking fast. Clearly the expense in travelling does not make the one hour dip a practical proposition. Also the number of St. Dunstaners taking part in the walking section continues to dwindle, and as age and health were the over-riding factors here the Chairman could not see himself being able to hold this section together for much longer.

Bill continued that the Thursday Dominoes were still very popular and that the usual Competition for the Sir Arthur Pearson prizes was held. The 'Fives and Threes', however, had experienced a little

difficulty which had caused some delay, but now all was well and the end was in sight.

Lastly was the foremost section of the Club, the Bridge Section. Nearly all members and their wives took part in games or in the instructional classes run by Roy Armstrong. With more members than can take part in the many matches at home, at Harrogate and even against the 'masters', a new phrase in Bridge parlance was being uttered. Members are now being 'rested'. With the better prizes at the Congress and the happy week-ends at Saltdean this section has been very well organised by secretary Paul Nuyens and captained by Bob Evans.

In conclusion the Chairman extended his thanks to all members, the committee and to Mr. Wills for his generous understanding in these times of rising prices.

Bob Evans proposed a vote of thanks to the Chair.

NOT GOOD NIGHT BUT GOOD MORNING

On Friday evening the 8th of March, 1974, Bill Harding died. He was the oldest member of the St. Dunstan's Mens' London Club, and had been an active member since the Club's opening at 191 Old Marylebone Road. Unfortunately in the last six months Bill had not been able to participate in the Club events. He will indeed be missed. Our hearts go out to his widow, Phyll, daughter Joan, grand-daughter Janet - a great favourite of all the 'boys' at the Club - and grandson John, in their bereavement.

'Life! We have been long together,
Through sunny and through cloudy weather;
It's hard to part when friends are dear,
May cost many a sigh, many a tear;
Then steal away, giving little warning,
In God's chosen time;
Say not good night, but in brighter clime,
Bid me Good Morning.'

Frank Reviews

Cat. No. 1801

Leopard in The Fold

by Joy Packer

Read by Phyllis Boothroyd

A romantic novel set in South Africa and Australia. A close knit South African family are dismayed when David the second son marries a widow with whom he had been having an affair before her late husband's death. She is accepted into the family with reluctance, and both she and her husband forfeit their rights to any share in the family fortune. Storm, as she is aptly named, seeks her revenge and coldly and calculatedly sets about it. Meanwhile Franz, the younger son who has been sheep farming in Australia, has returned home and although he delights in managing the new family estate on the high veldt, he still yearns for the pretty Australian lass he left in Perth. The long arm of coincidence stretches between the two continents and David deserts Storm and goes to Australia seeking work as a geologist and surveyor. Storm blaming her father-in-law for David's desertion plots savage revenge. But who can say where lightning will strike?—and young Franz gets burned.

The most likeable thing about this novel is the description of the country and peoples of Australia and South Africa. The author makes you feel you are there. A rare thing these days.

Cat. No. 1818

Nemesis

by Agatha Christie

Read by Peter Gray

Not having read Agatha Christie for some time I had great pleasure in returning to her work and her most unusual detective Miss Marple.

Thrown a challenge from the grave, Miss Marple puts her tottering old best foot forward, and proceeds to investigate. Taking a coach tour organised by the late Mr. Raffle her suspicions are aroused by the conduct of other members of the party. Then one of the party dies, or is murdered, on a short walk to a nearby beauty spot, and Miss Marples' brain begins to tick.

Good though the book is in its own right, the excellence of the reader brings the book to life.

LONDON CLUB—continued

The Football Pontoon ending on the 9th of February, 1974, was shared by W. Allen, Mrs. Dickerson, and Mrs. King. Their teams being Sunderland, Derby and Carlisle respectively. The 'booby' was won by P. Nuyens, his team being Portsmouth.

The winners of the Domino Games in February were as follows:

7th February	1	P. Sheehan
	2	J. Padley
14th February	1	W. Miller
	2	C. Hancock
21st February	1	J. Majchrowicz
	2	R. Armstrong
28th February	1	J. Padley
	2	C. Hancock

W. MILLER

Thank You

From Rosemarie Blebta, Slindon, Sussex

Dear St. Dunstaners,

May I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to you all for the magnificent gifts I received on my retirement - an inlaid French design console table, a writing desk and a wine table.

I shall miss the many friends I visited and do hope that we shall have the opportunity of meeting at the Reunions. As you know I have not left St. Dunstan's completely but am working part time in another area.

I would like to express my thanks also to your wives who welcomed me into their homes and gave me such warm hospitality at all times!

My very best wishes to you all.

BRIDGE NOTES

The second Individual Competition of the London Section was held on Saturday, 2nd March. The results were as follows:

J. Lynch & F. Dickerson	67
W. Phillips & W. Allen	66
H. Meleson & J. Padley	66
J. Huk & R. Evans	65
Miss Vera Kemmish & H. King	64
P. Nuyens & J. Majchrowicz	50

The third Individual Competition of the Brighton Section was held on Saturday, 2nd March. The results were as follows:

F. Rhodes & Partner	79
R. Fullard & W. Burnett	68
S. Webster & F. Griffiee	66
R. Bickley & R. Goding	65
W. Scott & M. Clements	62
C. Walters & A. Dodgson	62
W. Lethbridge & A. Smith	51
J. Whitcombe & E. Bedford	51

P. NUYENS, *Secretary*.

Derby Sweepstake

The Closing Date of the Derby Sweepstake is Wednesday, 22nd May.

Tickets are 15p each, and are limited solely to St. Dunstaners or St. Dunstan's trainees.

Each application must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

The name and full address of the sender, together with the number of tickets required, should be sent, with the stamped addressed envelope, to the Editor, D.S.S. Dept., *St. Dunstan's Review*, P.O. Box 58, 191 Old Marylebone Road, London, NW1 5QN.

The Draw will take place at the London Club on the evening of Thursday, 30th May. All those drawing a horse will be notified.

FAMILY NEWS

Great Grandfathers

Many congratulations to:-

HENRY F. GOODLEY of Pulham Market, Norfolk, who is very happy to announce that he has another great grandson and great grand-daughter.

REGINALD GREENACRE of Dunstable, Beds., who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of a great grand-daughter, Shelley Louise on 1st December, 1973.

ARTHUR ROWE of Ipswich, Suffolk, who is pleased to announce the safe arrival of another great grandchild, Richard Mark Walters, born on 6th July, 1973.

Death

We offer our sincere sympathy to:-

JOHN SWANN of Cosby, Leicester, who mourns the death of his eldest brother in January, 1974.

In Memory

It is with great regret we have to record the deaths of the following St. Dunstaners and we offer our deepest sympathy to their widows, families and friends.

Wright Royle. *Royal Fusiliers.*

Wright Royle of Stockport, Cheshire, died in hospital on 13th February, 1974. He was 87 years old.

He served with the Royal Fusiliers from 1915 until his discharge in May 1918. He was injured in France in 1917 but after being blind for three months he was fortunate in recovering some sight in one eye until 1935 when his vision failed.

It was not until 1956 that he came to St. Dunstan's, having been brought to our notice by St.

Dunstaner Mr. Phillip Wood. By then, Mr. Royle had retired. Mrs. Royle was very frail in health and she passed away in 1960 and Mr. Royle was then looked after by his sister, who made her home with him. Miss Royle died in 1972 and his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Willock then came to live with him.

Mr. Royle was fairly well in health until August 1973 when he suffered a fall, breaking his leg. Unfortunately he never recovered from this accident and had to remain in hospital and in January he became very poorly.

He leaves a son and a daughter, Mrs. Willock, and family.

Walter Henry Chesters. *Rifle Brigade.*

Walter Henry Chesters of Maidstone, Kent, died on 9th March, 1974, at the age of 80.

He enlisted in the Rifle Brigade in November, 1915, and served with them until his discharge in March, 1919. Mr. Chesters had already retired when he came to St. Dunstan's in 1962, but both he and his wife were able to spend many years enjoying their gardening and other hobbies. Mr. Chesters made one visit to Ovingdean, but in latter years due to poor health he preferred to remain at home.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Gladys Chesters, and a married son and family.

Thomas Lionel Simmons Gibbins. *10th Royal Warwickshire Regiment.*

Thomas Lionel Simmons Gibbins of Radway, Warwickshire, died in the Ellen Badger Hospital on 19th February, 1974. He was 88 years of age.

He enlisted in the 10th Royal Warwickshire Regiment in 1916 and served with them until January 1918 when he came to St. Dunstan's. He was wounded in Belgium in August 1917.

On joining St. Dunstan's he trained in poultry keeping and basket making. He took up general farming and went into partnership with his brother running a motor haulage business for a number of years.

Mrs. Gibbins passed away in 1949 but our St. Dunstaner continued to run his farm with the help of one of his sons and he was always very active on his holding, keeping livestock and growing fruit and vegetables. He was also a very successful bee keeper and won prizes at local shows for his honeycombs.

In 1966 Mr. Gibbins gave up some of the land he had worked for so many years but continued with the remainder up until 1971 and even then he kept as active as possible and always attended personally to his bees.

Unfortunately last Summer his health began to fail and he had to spend a spell in hospital. He made a good recovery but sadly this was not maintained and in November he had to be re-admitted to hospital and it was there that he passed away.

He leaves two sons and two daughters, Tom with whom he lived, Brenda who lived nearby, another daughter, Doreen, who lives in Coventry and the remaining son who is in Australia.

William Henry Harding. *Berkshire Regiment.*

William Henry Harding of Finchley, London, N.3, died on 8th March, 1974, at the age of 83.

He enlisted in the Berkshire Regiment in November, 1915, and served with them until his discharge in December, 1917, when he came to St. Dunstan's. During his training and rehabilitation he was taught telephony work, including Braille and typewriting, in addition to handicraft work. After training, Mr. Harding obtained a telephony post in St. Paul's Churchyard, London, to which he travelled daily despite the additional handicap of an injured leg. Mr. Harding continued in his same employment until his retirement in 1948 when he and Mrs. Harding moved from their home in Finsbury Park to Finchley. They both enjoyed many hobby interests and attended the London Club regularly each week where they made a number of friends.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Phyllis Harding and married daughter Joan and her family and grand-daughter Janet and her family.

Cyril Morton, M.M. *2nd South Wales Borderers.*

Cyril Morton of Skipton, Yorkshire, died at his home on 11th February 1974. He was 77 years of age.

He enlisted in the 2nd South Wales Borderers in 1915 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. He came to St. Dunstan's in 1920.

Mr. Morton was wounded in France in 1918 and after coming to St. Dunstan's he trained as a mat maker, living at that time in Rotherham. He did well in this occupation, being kept very busy in fulfilling local orders.

He was also interested in music and became a drummer with a local dance band which was much in demand for local engagements, so much so that eventually Mr. Morton gave up his mat making to concentrate solely on his music. In 1940 he took up poultry keeping but two years later he entered factory employment to assist the war effort and continued in this work until 1945.

In later years and for as long as he was able his chief hobbies were his garden and rug making.

He regularly enjoyed holidays in Brighton and kept reasonably well in health until March, 1973, when he had to undergo an operation. Unfortunately in spite of this his health continued to deteriorate but he was nursed devotedly at home by Mrs. Morton and her daughter.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jean Morton, two step children and two children by a former marriage.

William Richmond. *17th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.*

William Richmond of Fulwood, Sheffield, Yorkshire, died in hospital on 9th March, 1974. He was 83 years of age.

He enlisted in the 17th Battalion Royal Fusiliers in 1914 and served with them until his discharge in 1919. Mr. Richmond was not admitted to St. Dunstan's until 1965, by which time he had already retired. Unfortunately he did not enjoy good health, his chest having been badly affected by the mustard gas poisoning he suffered in the First World War. Nevertheless, he was able to visit Ovingdean for occasional holidays. In January last Mr. Richmond became ill and was admitted to hospital where his health deteriorated and he died on 9th March.

He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jane Richmond, and a daughter by his first marriage, Mrs. E. Whitham.

